



The end



12 3 3

Chapter 1 by Chase Lucado

Every story ends right? That's what you've been told. What if the story was always an end but there was not a beginning. Well then sit back and listen.

As I woke up I noticed something in the corner. It was staring me down until I could bear it no more. I turned on the light and there it was. It stood there and looked at me with huge brown eyes that weren't even in its sockets. It had long yellow teeth with a green glint to them. When it moved its eyes around so did its body. The body was horrible. It was twisted and blue with red symbols.

Knowing what it was I ran. I ran out the door but I stopped. I forgot my parents. I ran back inside. I heard a pan fall down in the kitchen. I ducked beside the couch looking over every few seconds. I started to creep away when it looked up. My heart jump started and skipped about 2 beats. The beast was eating the pan. He took a whole chunk full and bit down. My parents came down the stairs loudly. "What are you doing in there, Jeff!" My mom demanded. The thing then threw a pan at the doorway. It missed me by 2 inches. I dropped to the ground when my dad

came in with my mom bounding after him.

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They went around the counter and screamed. The thing grew bigger and bigger sizing up to

look about 8'6". It said something and I ran. I ran through the door and into gold dust which

the monster ate greedily. My dad saw me and mouthed run so that's what I did. I ran through my

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neighbors' yards tripping over fencing and running through flowers. I just heard a sound I never wanted to hear ever again. A ear piercing scream shot through my ears. I knew what happened. My dad did not make it.

I sobbed as I ran wishing this never happened. Then I heard it. I turned around and there he was chasing me. I never did see what happened to it. I ran all the way to the police station when I heard a car crash. I ran forever and ever until I saw the police station.

Chapter 2 by Molly G



Flinging the glass door of the police station open, I collapse on the rough carpet, my legs giving out on me. A hoarse sob erupts from my dry lips, and within seconds a motherly police woman is by my side. I find my voice recounting everything that had happened. The policewoman 'Claire' (says her name badge) listens, an understanding look plastered on her face. "It's okay, everything will be all right." She gently says. Turning to the officer behind her she murmurs, "He's had a shock. Probably imagined the 'beast'. Go check his house, what was it... 34 Parrel Avenue, and search for any evidence of his parents." "No!" The words spill from my mouth, and Claire turns round. "There was a a beast. It killed them. They're gone!". Putting on a false smile, Claire states "Of course".

That's when I knew. They would never believe me. I wouldn't be safe here or anywhere else, for that matter. I needed to find somewhere people understood and believed me. My thoughts flick back to a book I once read. About a guy who claimed to have seen a monster. Yes, if I could find him, everything would be okay. I glance up at the officers and see that they are no longer paying any attention to me. I get up and walk toward the door, quietly swinging it open. Cold air licks my face, causing me to pull my jacket tighter around me. I walk down the steps and onto the road, not looking back. A hoarse shriek penetrates through the howling of the wind. Turning, I see it. I break into a run.

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